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Pattie's bow bells for belles & beaux

London

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Reel: 39 Title: 9

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Control Number: ADE-6022
OCLC Number : 27599955
Call Number : W PN970.E5 PATTx
Title : Pattie's bow bells for belles & beaux.
Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]
Format : [16] p. ; 20 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Running title: New and favorite songs.
Note : Running title also appears as: New and favourite songs.
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

MICROFILMED BY
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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8-31-94
Camera Operator: AR

PATTIE'S

BOW BELLS

FOR

BELLES & BEAUX.

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Nineteen Years Old

London: Pattie, 31 Paternoster-row

MY BRIGHT SAVOY.

Written by Shirley Brooks, Esp.

My bright Savoy, my bright Savoy,
  Thy rills are leaping, fresh and clear,
Undimmed thy smile of tranquil joy,
  But I am wandering lonely here.

With many a slighted tear to shed,
  To toil through many a weary day,
To crave the chiding stranger's bread,
  And sigh for those far, far away.

Oh, when to yonder distant cot,
  Where mountain roses linger round,
Where streamlets creep through silent grot,
  And spring in light, with joyous bound.

Where loving faces round me smiled,
  Oh, when shall I return to stay!
Renew thy conrse poor wandering child,
  And sigh for those far, far away.

THE RISE IN BACCA.

Written by, H. E. Spencer, Tune—Freedom of Opinion

Oh, dear! vot have they been about,
  Them nobs is who I mean, sir;
They've gone and sarved us out-and-out,
  As yer all have seen, sir.
They talks about their cleverness,
  This thing and the t'other;
But it was'nt wery clever now,
  To raise the price of 'bacca.
    Fol, de rol, &c.

I don't know who these covies are
  Who makes it veil their study
To swear that Englishmen are free—
  This, a land of milk and honey.
What I may think, no doubt yer'll see,
  So quiet another matter—
It makes me vild, it does, by gosh,
  That sudden rise in 'bacca.

Oh, don't I vish I had the chance
  Of being a great nob, sir;
Obnoxions taxes I'd repeal,
  I would, so help me Bob, sir,
The window duty I'd take off,
  But when that's not the matter;
A glorious speech to all I'd make,
  On the sudden rise in 'bacca.

The duty off the beer I'd take.
  And shove it on champange, sir;
Co's how the beer I likes,
  But oft, how to get it, gives me pain, sir.
For twopence, too, a loaf of bread,
  Should prove to be a whacker;
And very soon yer'd all find out,
  A fearful fall in bacca.

But still I'm not at all likely
  That I should rise so high, sir;
Still a nob's a something fine,
  By jove, I'll have a cry, sir,
And should I ever come to that,
  I'll not forget the matter;
That sent me up to eminence,
  The awful rise in bacca.

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

Written by J. Hazlett, and composed by Balfe.

I had a flower within my garden growing,
  I nourish'd it with fond and anxious care,
Rich in each charm of nature's own bestowing,
  Of tints unrivall'd, and of fragrance rare.

In evil hour there came about my dwelling
  One who had blighted many a flower before:
He saw my gem—all other flowers excelling,
  He smiled upon it, and it bloom'd no more.

Next day I found it wither'd and degraded,
  Cast by the spoiler carelessly away—
Its freshness gone—its varied beauties faded,
  Despised, forsaken, hastening to decay!

Vainly I strove the faded sparks to cherish—
  Nought now remains of what was once so dear:
Only with life shall fond remembrance perish,
  Or cease to flow the unavailing tear!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE,

Sung by Madlle. Jetty Treffz.

Gin a body meet a body,
  Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body greet a body,
  Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
  Ne'er a ane hae I,
But a' the lads they smile at me
  When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
  Comin' frae the toon;
Gin a body kiss a body,
  Need a body gloom? Ilka lassie, &c.

Amang the train there is a swain,
  That I could like mysel,
But whar his hame or what his name,
  I dinna care to tell. Ilka lassie, &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
  Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
  Need a body tell? Ilka lassie, &c.

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DON'T BE ANGRY MOTHER.

Oh, don't be angry, mother, mother!
Let your smiles be smiles of joy!
Don't be angry mother, mother,
Don't be angry with your boy.
Years have passed, and we've been parted,
You have traversed o'er the sea!
Whilst your boy, most broken hearted,
Ne'er has ceased to think of thee.

Oh, don't be angry, mother, mother!
Let the world say what it will!
Though I don't deserve thy favour,
Yet I fondly love thee still.
Believe not what the world may tell thee,
Since that parted we have been!
Forget the fate that hath befel me,
And try to love your boy again.

Oh, pray remember, mother, mother!
In your absence I've been spurned!
Now, I only ask one favour,
Smile on me now you've returned.
Many a night, both wet and weary,
I have watch'd beside the door
Where my childhood hours passed cheerly,
And sigh'd to call them mine no more.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true
And ne'er forget will I
But for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me dowu and die.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
Is the fa'o her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet
H voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world tome,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane! my dearest Jane,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear,
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and lasses in favours white,
And the village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, &c.

OH! ALBION, ON THY FERTILE PLAINS.

Oh! Albion, on thy fertile plains,
Tho' cruel war around thee reigns,
See gentle peace prevailing;
While on the waves that guard thy coast
The British Navy, Albion's boast,
Spite of each foe is sailing. [land,
Long may thy yellow harvest glad thy happy
Long may thy wooden walls repel each hostile band;
While on the waves that guard the coast,
The British Navy, Albion's boast,
Spite of each foe is sailing

WE YET MAY MEET AGAIN.

Though sorrow's cloud is o'er us now,
And I must soon depart,
Perhaps for years, in Foreign lands
To roam with aching heart;
We still will hope that happier days
In store for us remain,
And though we part in anguish now,
We yet may meet again.
And though we &c.

Ah! well I know, when far away,
You oft will think of me,
For truth is in thy gentle voice
And breathes "I live for thee:"
Then faithful still in every clime,
We'll wake the cheering strain,
Though distance may divide us now
We yet may meet again.

Nineteen Years Old.

As Sung by W. E. Mackney.

I once lov'd a nice young man dear as my life,
His name was Jeames a carpenter, he wo'ed me for his wife
When he took me out a walking his love to me he told
Did this young man a carpenter—only nineteen years old
A c rpenter a carpenter—only nineteen years old.

He was strong and he was lively and just in his prime,
He was going into business and out of his time,
He was tall he was comely and fair to behold
Was the young man a carpenter only nineteen years old.
a carpenter &c.

Jeames was also a joiner and published the banns,
For it was his intention pretty soon to join our hands,
He made trunks, stools, and tables, which to neighbours he sold,
Did this young man a carpenter only nineteen years old.
a carpenter &c.

Now his mother was a woman as most women are,
And about our marriage she used for to jar,
Cause Jeames turned her mangle, and the neighbours she told,
He was too young for marriage being only nineteen years old.
a carpenter &c.

But in a very short time a great change there came,
Some said it was a right thing, some said it was a shame,
But while turning the mangle to me he turn'd cold,
Did this young man a carpenter only nineteen years old.
a carpenter &c.

Chuck ah booh

An Original Song Composed and Sung by E. W. Mackney. Words by T. Ramsay.

I came from Carolina.
De Lonon sight to see,
Tho' noting can be finer,
'The place so puzzle me.

CHORUS.

Ha Ha hoo hoo wah,
Chuck, Chuck, a booh.

I got on board de clumsy bust,
Dat at Blackwall stand,
And de place dey land me first,
It was upon de strand.

CHORUS.

De place dey call Cheapside,
Was de next ting I come near,
But when sometings to get cheap I tried
I found Cheapside was dear.

CHORUS.

Cornhill was a noder place,
Dat I went to next morn,
But on Cornhill its a clear case,
Dars not a bit ob corn.

CHORUS.

Whitechapel next I went to see,
All in my road back,
But by golle it put the stuns on me,
Whitechapel looks quite black.

CHORUS.

To Snowhill I next di ' go,
Being all in de same line,
But instead of seeing lots of snow,
I only saw moonshine.

CHORUS.

I had a stare at Common Garden,
But I thought it very rough,
Dare was not a bit of garden dare,
But lots of garden stuff.

CHORUS.

At Golden square myself I lost,
I dare again was sold,
For Golden square was on de cross.
But not a bit of gold.

CHORUS.

When Rolling Waves Divide us

Duet. Sung by Mrs. Blunt and Mr. Agnew

When rolling waves divide us,
The gales my sighs shall bear thee;
Where'er our fates may guide us,
My prayers shall still be near thee,
'Mid ocean's rage appalling
Some gentle plaint thou'lt hear,
One to thy heart revealing,
Who holds thee ever dear!
While remains lifes latest ember,
Let sweet hope my bosom cheer.
Oh, remember, remember!

A long farewell, a long farewell!
The doom that waits us, who can tell?
A long farewell, a long farewell,
Oh, remember remember!
A long farewell, a long farewell!

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose has blown:
For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of a son she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall,
And long by the garden-gate I stood
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood
Our wood that is dearer than all.
Queen Rose, of the rose-bud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done.
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose in one.
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower near the gate—
She is coming, my dove, my dear—
She is coming—my life, my fate!
The red-rose cries "she is near! she is near!"
And the white-rose weeps "she is late!"
The larkspur listens—"I hear! I hear!"
And the lily whispers "I wait."
She is coming, my own—my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed—
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red!

O'ER HBAVEN'S BLUE VAULTED CANOPY.

From the Opera of Louisa Miller... G. Verdi.

O'er heaven's blue vaulted canopy.
Stars like ten thousand diamonds bright,
Seemed born to grace her loveliness,
The sweet and tranquil summer night.
Hand clasp'd in hand so lovingly,
Heart twined with heart so tenderly,
Hope played around so joyously,
Yet she, alas! proved false to me.
Yet she, alas! proved false to me,
Yes, she proved false to me.

Oh! what an angel's voice was hers,
Tuneful as singing melody;
Fairer than woman spake before,
"Love me," she said, "I love, I love but thee."
Then mute and almost motionless,
Filled was my soul with ecstacy—
Raptured with accents musical,
Yet she, alas! proved false to me.
Yes, she proved false to

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOWED

By G. Verdi.

Oh! once her eyes were diamond-bright,
E're sorrow dim'd them with a tear;
Once her step was fairey-light,
Her silv'ry voice so soft and clear.
But now her heart with anguish breaks,
And hushed is every dulcet strain.
Silent and sad her way she takes,
She'll never smile again,
She'll never smile, she'll never smile again.

Alas! that one so young and fair.
So innocent and free from art,
Should be consigned to sad despair;
Thus soon to bear the mourner's part.
Yes, now her lonely way she takes
To where they parted all in vain.
Her heart in silent anguish breaks,
She'll never smile again,
She'll never smile, she'll never smile again

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Summer moonbeams softly playing,
Light the woods of Castle keep;
And there I see a maiden straying,
Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is list'ning meekly, purely,
To the wooer at her side;
'Tis the "old, old story," surely,
Running on like time and tide.

Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, her's the cot:
Sweeter far she deems his whisper,
Than the night-bird's dulcet thrill;
She is smiling, he beguiling—
Tis the "old, old story," still.

Maiden fair, oh, have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

The autumn's sun is quickly going,
Behind the woods of castles keep;
The air is chill, the night winds blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,
The "old, old story," sad and brief;
Of heart betray'd and left nigh breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.

Maidens fair, oh, have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

MYNHEER VANDUNCK.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
Sipp'd brandy and water gaily,
Aad he quenched his thirst with two quarts of the first,
To a pint of the latter daily;
Singing, 'O that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!'
Water well mingled with spirit good store,
No Hollander dreams of scorning;
But of water alone he drinks no more,
Than a rose supplies when a dewdrop lies
On its bloom in a summer morning;
For a Dutchman's draught should be,
Though deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL.

From Rice's Opera of 'Oh, Hush!'

Down in ole Wurginny,
Oh, Roley, Boley;
A gun dat massa gib me,
To go an' shoot de 'coon.
Wid a hida ka dink, ah, ah!
Oh, Roley, Boley!
Wid a hida ka dink—who dare?
Good morning, ladies all.

Den I take my ole rifle,
Oh, Roley, Boley;
Get powder for a trifle,
An' go to shoot de 'coon.
Wid his hida, &c.

Den I saw de coon a swingin';
Oh, Roley, Boley;
Den I cock'd my gun an' bring him,
An' down cum Mister 'coon.
Wid his hida, &c.

He lodged upon a bramble,
Oh, Roley, Boley;
Den I begin to scramble,
To get him down de tree.
Wid his hida, &c.

He dead, or bery nearly,
Oh, Roley, Boley;
I tink I love him dearly,
Cause he make such good soup.
Wid his hida, &c.

After dat I leabe Wurginny
Oh, Roley, Boley;
An' go to ole Kentucky,
On my way to New Orleans.
Wid his hida, &c.

Den I got a wife on Sunday,
Oh, Roley, Roley;
My son cum down a Monday,
An' I neber seed a finer.
Wid his hida, &c.

Den I sen' my son to college,
Oh, Roley, Boley;
Whar he got his sense an' knowledge,
An' grow'd up to a man.
Wid his hida, &c.

His learning cost me a dollar,
Oh, Roley, Boley;
An' now he is a lawyer,
An' soon will be a judge.
Wid his hida, &c.

So I gwan away to-morrow,
Oh, Roley, Boley;
Oh, people ain't you sorry
As I leabe Louisiany?
Wid his hida, &c.

I'M A GENT.

Air—I'm Afloat.

I'm a gent, I'm a gent, I'm a gent ready made;
I roam through the Quadrant and Lowther Arcade;
I'm a registered swell from the top to the toe
I wear a moustache and a light paletot.
I've a cane in my hand, and a glass at my eye,
And I wink at the girls, demme, as they go by,
Then lor, how they giggle, to win my regards!
And I hear them all say, 'He's a gent in the Guards!' [style,
I'm a gent, I'm a gent, in the Regent-street
Examine my waistcoat, and look at my tile!
There are gents, I dare say, who are handsomer far,
But none that can puff with such ease a cigar

I can sing a flash song, I can blow on the horn,
I like sherry cobblers, I'm fond of Cremorne;
I love the Cellarius, the Polka I dance,
And I'm rather attached—to a party—from France.
The girl I adore is a creature divine,
Though dev'lish partial to lobsters and wine.
She was struck with my figure, and caught with a hook;
For I took her to visit 'my uncle the Duke.'
I'm a gent, &c.

FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

Well here I am, and what of that,
Methinks I hear you cry,
Why I am come, and that is pat,
To see if you will buy?
A Female Auctioneer I stand,
Though not to seek for pelf.
And the lot I have in hand,
Is for to sell myself.
And I'm going, going, going,
Who bids for me?

Ye Bachelors, I look at you,
And pray don't deem me rude,
Nor rate me either scold or shrew,
A coquette or a prude?
My hand and heart I offer fair,
And should you buy the lot,
I swear I'll make you here my own,
When Hymen ties the knot.
And I'm going, going, going,
Who bids for me?

Though some may deem me pert or so,
Who deals in idle strife,
y where's the girl, I wish to know,
ho'd not become a wife?
ast I own I really would,
In spite of all alarms,
Dear Bachelors, now be so good,
De take me to your arms,
For I'm going, going, going,
Who bids for me?

MY FATHER'S SONG.

The good old song my father sings, I love it more and more,
'Tis worth a hundred other songs we ne'er have heard before;
It brings to mind the merry days, the days when we were young,
When oft times with the same delight we listened while he sung!
When we could scarce repeat the strain, and yet in childish glee
We learnt that song, and lisped it forth upon our father's knee.
I've heard and lauded many songs, but unto none belong
The memories that endear me to my father's good old song.

It is not for its melody I love that good old song,
Nor is it for the simple rhymes that unto it belong,
But 'tis because I've heard it sung on many a festive day,
On some dear anniversary when all around were gay;
And 'tis that, when from these dear lips I hear that cherished strain,
I know that to my father still the joys of health remain.
Then ask me not what memories to such simple themes belong;
When all I love endears me to my father's good old song.

THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no cares of marriage strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine;
But yet all happy's not his life,
He loves no maid, nor wedded wife,
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He lives a life of jollity,
Has wives, as many as he will,
I would the Sultan's throne then fill;
And yet he's not a happy man,
He must obey the Alcoran;
But dares not taste one drop of wine—
I would not that his fate were mine.

So here I'll take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land,
I'll kiss my maiden's lip divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine,
And when my maiden kisses me,
I'll fancy I the Sultan be,
And when my cheering glass I tope
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm form the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile frlm home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at my call:—
Give me sweet peace of mind that's dearer than all!
Home! home, &c.

The Twig of the Shannon

Music published by Forster and L'Enfant, Rathbone Place.

On the beautiful banks of the Shannon,
There grows such an illegant tree.
And the fruit tnat it bears is shillelagh,
I've a sprig of it here you may see;
Tis the remnan of all my large fortune,
It's the friend that ne'er played me a trick.
And I'd rather loose half my supportin'
Than I'd part with this illegant stick.
'Twas a delicate sprig in the summer,
When I first cut it off from the tree,
And I've kept it through all the cold weather,
Faix! the sprig of shillelagh for me.

It's the porter that's carried my luggage.
For I've shoulder'd it many a mile,
Anb for thieves it will safely protect me
In a beautiful, delicate style.
It's useful for rows in the summer,
And when winter comes on with a storm,
If you're short of a fire in a cabin,
You can burn it to keep yourself warm.
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c.

It's a friend both so true and so constant—
It's constancy pen cannot paint,
For it always is there when it's wanted,
And sometimes it's there when it aint,
It beats all your guns and your rifles,
For it goes off whene'er you desire,
And It's sure to hit just what it aims at,
For shillelaghs they never miss fire.
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c.

It's a talisman so upright and so honest;
Twenty shillings it pays in the pound,
So if ever it gets in your debt, sir,
You're sure to be paid I'll be bound.
It never runs up a long score' sir,
In trade it's not given to fail'
There's no danger of i'ts being insolvent,
For it allways pays dawn on the nail,
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c.

And faith at an Irish election.
An argument striking it's there,
For with brickbats and sprigs of the Shannon,
Wee see things all go right and square.
It's then there's no bribury at all, sir,
They vote as they like every soul,
But it's no use opposing shillelagh,
Or it's sure to come down on the poll,
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c,

Old England is the Queen of the ocean,
The home where the slave can he free,
And the gem that she wears on her bosom,
It's the Emerald Isle of the sea.
An' if folks don't belive shillelagh,
And think it all blarney I've wrote.
Let them tread on the tail of the Lion,
Or on the tail of an Irishman's coat.
Sure it's it that they'll find that shillelagh.
Is Liberty's beautiful tree.
That in snmmer and winter will blossom,
While the hands that protect it are free.

Right after All

Original New Comtc Song. J. A. Hardwick

Air—Whole hog or none.

(Copyright)

They say the world is circular,
But that I do deny,
I think it's perpendicular,
For it's been up with me.
I've often had a rise,
But more often had a fall,
Still I've this consolation—
It's right, after all.

Chorus

Oh this world!
I travel through it steady,
In its rattle-battle race,
For every caper ready;
And I am bound to say,
It's right, after all.

[With dance, if you like.]

They call me precious lucky,
But I just suppose it is,
Because I'm very plucky,
And know how to make it "friz."
The oracle I work it,
So that good to me shall fall,
And generally manage
To be right, after all.

I run a long account up,
With a fashionable snip,
He came it rayther cheeky,
Just because I could'nt tip.
But from a garret window
The Tailor had a fall,
And broke his thread of life, so I
Was right, after all.

A girl to make me father
To her babby, did intend;
I thought I'd see that farther,
So I palmed it on a friend.
He was so blind he could'nt see
A hole through a wall;
She swore the kid to him, and I
Was right, after all.

I had a wife a knagger,
Often subject to a fit;
She saw FIT on a Friday
In one, to make her exit.
On a widow with some money,
I on Saturday did call,
And spliced her on the Sunday, so
Was right, after all!

I had sume rich relations,
When I wore awful togs,
I've rose & seen em, one by one,
All toddle to the dags,
If you only keep yours pecker's up,
However low you fall,
Fortunes sure to take a turn & you'll
Be right after all;

This Wonderful Metropolis

Original New Version.
Written by Mr. J. A. Hardwick.

Air—"Oh such a day."

Oh what a town—what a wonderful metropolis
With sights and sensations, and rarities and shows,
Humbugs and shams have the snuggest of monopolies,
And gag, for the real goes, as everybody knows.
Splendid Exhibitions here, fine ladies to behold in 'em,
Gammoning Mock Auctions, and silly people sold in 'em,
Dodgers and Adv nturers live well without a rap at all.
And the world and his wife come to see the British capital.

Chorus

Oh what a town, what a wonderful metropoiis!
With mysteries and miracles, all London's full.
In the battle-strife of life wide awake are the popular,
To live and draw the rhino out of old Johnny Bull.

Oh what a town, what a puffery metropolis!
Tradesmen advertise in original queer ways,
We've no 'shops,' its 'depot,' and 'Emporium' and 'Acropolis,'
And DEAD walls all alive with print in the 'fogging' days.
Next they ll stick their placards on, and fancy it an ornament,
The dome of St. Paul's, and the summit of the monument.
'Eureka shirts' and 'Sydenham Trousers' puffed, to give the vapours all,
'Horniman's pure Tea' and 'Glenfield patent starch' in papers all?

Oh what a town, &c.

Oh what a town! what a Musical metropolis!
Cures upside down, excitement songs, and Trapeze-flying feats;
Rope-walking. if they keep it up, one over safe to topple is,
Expecting to see tumblers killed the audience take their seats.
Music Halls thronged every night, the people they exhilarate,
Civil feeds in grand Guildhalls, all great events to celebrate;
Telegraphic news exciting, Londoners uproarious,
And Politicians shouting out "We're happy, free, and glorious!"

Oh, what a town, &c

Oh what a town, what a sensible metropolis!
Intellectuality's the order of the day;
Electro-Biology enlighten's all the popular,
And Spirit-rapping Mediums play tricks and make it pay.
The future generations will not fancy us too rational,
Reading of our goings on and capers International;
In fact, in the next century, the educated populace
Will not think much of this fast and go-ahead metropolis.

Oh what a town, &c

Sammy Does'nt Care

Nightly Sung by Stead, the Cure.

(Copyright)

Air—From Burlesque of the "Siege of Troy."

Before you now I do appear, you wonder who I am,
So I will introduce myself to you as Happy Sam,
Of troubles, like most others, I have quite my share,
But I allys trust in Providence, for Sammy doesn't care.

Dance Chorus

Tiddle um te doodle um, toodle um te day

I am a son of some great man, on a door step toss'd,
Society, it's evident, a genius has lost;
Some great Lord or Bishop weeps for his son and heir,
But ladies don't you grieve for me, for Sammy does'nt care.

My residence is here, and there, and everywhere,
On a doorstep, in a cab, sometimes in open air,
The only enemy I have is the Bobby's "Move on, there!"
When I'm in a happy dream, but Sammy does't care.

All men have their trials, misfortune makes a call,
Without respect to persons visits one and all,
Some have to CARVE their fortunes, I CHISEL mine with care,
To a shaving am not tickler, for Sammy does'nt care.

Like the quality I dine every day at six,
On COLLAR'D beef, or ornaments, half a pound at Six,
To the Opera in the Cut after dinner I repair,
In the boxes sit at ease, for Sammy doesn't care.

One night at the Opera, a lady fancied me,
We married were conjugally, now have off spring three
Of domestic increase am perfectly aware,
Though nature will be nature still, yet Sammy doesn't care.

So now the pedigree you've heard, who and what I am,
Amusement have afforded is the hope of happy Sam,
Should misfoatune on you fall, mind you don't despair,
Nil desperandum, just like me, for Sammy doesn't care.

BOBBY WHITE & BETTY BROWN.

A very Popular Serio-Comic Song, as sung by W. G. Adams.

(Music at Davidson's.)

In London once a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Betty Brown;
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
(SPOKEN—And was considered to be)
The best-looking girl on the town.
With a chooral-ree, &c.

Her age was nearly twenty-one,
Her eyes were sparkling bright;
A very lovely wench she was,
(SPOKEN—And for a year and a day and a few hours she had a sweetheart)
Whose name was Bobby White.
With a chooral, &c.

Now Bobby was a nice young man,
As any to be found;
And Betty loved him dearly,
(SPOKEN—But as he was poor he could not make his suit agreeable to)
Old Mr. and Missus Brown.
With a chooral, &c.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed—
A rich old miser in the place;
(SPOKEN—And when Betty betrayed the real state of her sentiments, Old Brown swore the crown right out of his hat that rather than his daughter should have her Bobby he would)
Knock him on the head.
With a chooral, &c.

But Betty's heart was brave and strong,
And feared no parent's frowns;
And as for Bobby White so bold,
(SPOKEN—He said, with the exception of Betty, he didn't care a fig for)
The whole race of the Browns.
With a chooral, &c.

But this Old Brown was wide awake,
And he loaded his old gun,
And then pursued the loving pair,
(SPOKEN—And overtook them just as they'd got half-way to the parson's, and then they)
Started off and run.
With a chooral, &c.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim,
Right at young Bobby's head;
But oh! it was a burning shame—
(SPOKEN—For he made a miss-fire, and shot his only daughter, and he saw her)
Drop right down stone dead.
With a chooral, &c.

Then anguish fill'd young Bobby's heart,
And vengeance crack'd his brain;
He drew an awful jack-knife out,
(SPOKEN—And plunged it a thousand and one times into Old Brown's body, which made it a very doubtful case if ever he would)
Come to life again.
With a chooral, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RIBBON.

(By permission.)

Words and Music by S. J. Hack. Sung by Miss M. M'Alpine.

She wears the sailor's ribbon,
With an anchor in the bow,
But 'twas not pride adorned the breast
That rocks it to and fro.
A tale of honest love it tells,
And acts no meaner part;
She wears the sailor's ribbon,
For she won a sailor's heart.

Where is that roving lover? Peace—
Peace to his noble form;
The deep sea cancelled all his vows
In one fierce whelming storm.
She wears the sailor's emblem.
For he's shrined within her heart,
'Tis the immortelle of mem'ry,
Truth and love that cannot part;
Tis the immortelle of mem'ry,
Truth and love that cannot part.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

Sung by Mr. J. Henshaw.

Words by John Legge. Music by E. Land.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young;
Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sung!
We climbed the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright-topp'd heather;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.

There's gladness in remembrance, John;
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal and woe of life,
No change that friendship knew.
We've miss'd some lov'd ones one by one,
And twined our wreaths of heather
In fancy, as we've deck'd their tombs,
Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Unaltered is our friendship, John,
Since we were boys together.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our prime is o'er;
The flow'r, the nest, the humming bee,
For us will charm no more.
And our frail forms are fading fast,—
We could not bound the heather,
As hand in hand, with gladsome brows,
We did when boys together.

When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
When we were boys together;
Through many sunny years, friend John,
May we yet live together.

Old Teddy O'Rooke kept a nice little schoo',
At a place call'd Clarina, and middle'n a rule,
If the mind wouldn't mark, he'd soon mark the back,
And he gave them their own with a thrit of a crack.
His scholars were Jerry, and Billy, and Ted,
With Murphy and Phelim, big Darby and Ned,
Paddy O'Shaughnessy, Gerald MacShae,
Faith, all noble boys to drive larning away.

(Spoken) Well, says old Ted, my boys, since all of you are here, I'll just call over your names, to see that none of you are missing. Gerald Mac Shaa. I'm here, sir. Paddy O'Shaughnessy. Here, but my brother Barney an't. Where is your brother Barney then? He's dead, sir, and they are going to *wake* him. Are they: well, you go and sit down by the fire and larn your task, and don't be falling *asleep*, or I'll be after waking *you*. Paddy McShane, my darling, come here and bring your ugly face wid you, and spell me Constantinople. I can't, sir. Can't you, then by the powers I'll teach you. First of all you see there's C—C. O—O. N—N. Con. That's the Con. That's the Con. S—S. T—T. A A. N—N. Stan. Stan. That's the Stan. That's the Stan. And the Constan. And the Constan. T—T. I—I. Ti—Ti. That's the Ti. That's the Ti. And the Stanti. And the Stanti. And the Constanti. And the Constanti. N—N. O—O. No. No. That's the no. That's the no. And the tino. And the tino. And the stantino. And the stantino. And the Constantino. And the Constantino. P—P. L—L. E—E. Ple.—Pull. That's the ple.—That's the pull. And the nople. And the nopull. And the tinople. And the tinopull. And the stantinople. And the stantinopull.—And the Constantinople. And the Constantinopull.

So, long life to old Teddy, for he's always ready,
To kick up a row, or the whiskey to smack;
With his eating and drinking, and preaching and beating,
Long life to ould Teddy, and didde-roo whack.

Now old Ted had a nose, it was big as a ton,
And a chin too, och, honey!—but that is all one;
And if ever his scholars were making a noise,
He would just give a squint, and he'd frighten the boys;
A fortune he had too, a bird and a wig,
An ould black and white cow, and a clane dirty
A ppig—
arate plantation—a dog and a cat,
And a head which he popp'd in his old greasy hat.

(Spoken) Now, said Teddy to Felix O'Brien, before you go *down* come *up* and say your letters. What is the name of the first letter in the alphabet? X, sir. No, sir, what does your father give the donkey to eat, sir. Nothing, sir. And what else, sir? Hay, sir. That's a good boy; and what's next to A? Don't know, sir. What is the name of that great bird that flies about the garden and stings the people? A wasp, sir. No, sir, what is it that makes all the honey? Bee, sir. B—that's right; be a good boy, and mind what I say, and you'll be a beautiful scholar: now, the next letter to B, what is it? I don't know, sir. What do I do when I turn up my eyes? You squint, sir. And what else, sir. You see. C—that's right; now what's next to C? W, sir. What is your grandmother's name? Judee, sir. Arrah, can't you say D, without the Ju? Yes, sir, D and no Jew. Well, sir! E, F. Well, what do you stop for? Because I can't go no further. What do the waggoners say when they want their horses to go faster? Gee ho dobbin. G, and no dobbin. H. Well that's right, and what follows H? Dont know. What has your mother got by the side of her nose? A pimple, sir. A pimple! Yes, sir, and one eye. I—that's a good boy, you're my head scholar, and will soon be a man; well go on. J. What's next to J? I'm sure I don't know. What does your mother open the door with? A poker, sir. And what besides? A string, sir. What else? A kay, sir. K—that's right to be sure; she opens the door with a key; now what's next to K? L. Well, now you've got to L, you may go and warm yourself, and sing

Long life, &c.

LITTLE KATHLEEN.

Little Kathleen was wooed by a score,
Sighing, caressing and teasing her;
But scorn on her fair brow she wore,
Sure none of the lot could be pleasing her.
Thus in treating the girls all alike,
Poor Dermot came in for a frown.
So he gave way to Terry and Mike,
And trudged with sad heart from the town.

Ah, me! when the lad was away,
She felt how her heart was deceiving her,
And she hoped he might come back some day,
Sure never again to be leaving her.
Oh, the months and the years that he stay'd,
When another came too—'twas his bride,
'May you prosper, mavourneen,' she pray'd,
'But I wish ere I'd seen 't I'd died.'

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts free from guile
To sing in the praise of old Ireland's Isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
And friendship detains us for one bottle more—
One bottle more, one bottle more,
And friendship detains us but for one bottle more.

At a tavern one night, I will sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together had met.
Four bottles apiece made us call for the score,
And nothing detain'd us but one bottle more—
One bottle more, one bottle more,
And nothing detain'd us but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
Where the least touch you know makes an Irishman roar,
So a whack from shilalah brought six bottles more,
Six bottles more, six bottles more,
A whack from shilalah brought six bottles more.

Slow Phœbus now peep'd through the window so bright,
Quite happy to view her blessed sons of the light,
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
And the next time we meet we'll have twelve bottles more—
Twelve bottles more, twelve bottles more,
The next time we'll meet we'll have twelve bottles more.

Parody on Why did she Leave him?

Why did she leave him?—Oh dear! What a bother
And fuss they are making everywhere;
The reason I'll tell you.—why, she had another,
And to call her "Deceitful" is hardly fair.
He would stop out all night with girls in the fashion
And would leave her in sorrow, which you know is a sin,
He would drink like a fish, had a terrible passion,
That's one of the reasons why she has left him.

They say he is "United," but that is a blunder,
In a drunken frolic—make no mistake he is all there,
He would hollo and bawl, and roar like the thunder,
And quarrel with all when he went to the fair.
He was jealous and vain and very conceited,
And if got married she knows what would begin,
A pair of black eyes would be often repeated,
And this is a reason why she has left him.

She has married another, and he keeps a carriage,
At least so the poet, who wrote of her, say,
Its a donkey and cart,—I've no wish to disparage,—
Her pride's only seen when she goes to the play.
But if she walks out in the evening hours,
And sees her old boar, when drinking gin,
She quick hastens home, thanks her stars by the powers,
And she's now very glad that she has left him.

The Fisherman's Daughter.

Written and composed by S. Lover.

"Why art thou wandering alone on the shore?
The wind it blows cold, and the white breakers roar!"
"Oh! I am wand'ring alone by the sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
For the gale it blew hard through the darkness of night,
And I'm watching here since the dawning of light—
Looking through tears o'er the dark rolling sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me.

Last night, when my father put forth on the deep,
To our cottage returning, I sank down to sleep;
But, while the calm of sweet sleep came to me,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea.
I thought, in a dream, 'twas my father that spoke—
But, oh! to the voice of the tempest I woke;
Ah! Why in my dream call my father to me?

Vainly I look through the fast-driving gale—
Hopeless I see what Hope fancies a sail;
But 'tis only the wing of the sea gull flits by,
And my heart it sinks low at the bird's wailing cry:
For the storm must blow hard when the gull comes on shore.
Oh, that the fisherman's gift were no more
Than the gift of the wild bird, to soar o'er the sea!
Good Angels, thy wings bear my father to me!

Ever that Flea.

By L. M. Thornton.

Air:—"Ever of Thee."

Ever that flea my shoulder is biting,
Thy sucking fang my spirit doth fear.
Soon as thou on my body alighting,
Venison don't yield a dainty more dear.
Still at my back thy sting I am feeling,
Every sharp bite wrings curses from me,
And ne'er till fast between thumb and finger,
Can I forget thy sharpness to me.
Morn, noon, or night, where I chance to be,
Ever thou'rt biting horrible flea.

Ever that flea when morn is appearing,
Slyly he sneaks like a culprit away,
No need a doctor to order a blister,
He'll raise the skin ere you Moses can say.
Why should a flea be a clever Physician,
Why bleed a patient you wish me to prove;
Because he's often the Hospitals walking,
If that's no answer I'm beaten by Jove.
Morn, noon, or night, where I chance to be,
Ever thou'rt biting horrible flea.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

From Balfe's New Opera, "Satanella, or the Power of Love."

Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne.

Recitative.

Myself once more, the Page I cease to play;
All woman now, my soul resumes her sway,

Though conscious love his wakeful heart denies
In dreamful visions let me charm his eyes!
One blissful moment, in my true form seen;
Be love enthron'd, his fancy's worshipp'd Queen.

There's a power whose sway
Angel souls adore,
And the lost obey,
Weeping evermore.
Doubtful mortals prize
Smiles from it above.
Bliss that never dies,
Such thy power—oh, love!

Source of joy and woe,
Foiler of stern hate;
Lord of high and low,
Woman calls thee fate,
Fierceness owns thy spell,
Vulture thou, and dove,
Language cannot tell
Half thy power—oh, love!

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

See, these ribbons gaily streaming,
I'm a soldier now, Lizette;
Yes, of battle I am dreaming,
And the honour I shall get,
With a sabre by my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a proud steed to ride,
I shall rush on the foe.
Yes, I flatter me, Lizette,
'Tis a life that well will suit
The gay life of a young recruit.

We shall march away to-morrow,
At the breaking of the day;
And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry cymbols play;
Yet before I say good bye,
And a last sad parting take,
As a proof of your love,
Wear this gift for my sake.
Then cheer, up my own Lizette,
Let not grief your beauty stain,
Soon you'll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lizette, to still be weeping,
While there's fame in store for me;
Think when home I am returning,
What a joyful day it will be,
When to church you're fondly led,
Like some lady, smartly drest,
And a hero you shall wed,
With a medal on his breast.
Ha! there's not a maiden fair,
But with welcome will salute,
The gay bride of a young recruit.

We are coming Sister Mary.

Founded on the superstition of a portion of the Coloured Race, that the approach of death is forewarned in "Dream Song."

Sung by Christy's Minstrels.

Arranged by J. Wade.

On a stormy night in winter,
When the wind blew cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music
That I never can forget.
I was sleeping in the cabin,
Where lived Mary fair and young,
When a light shone in the window,
And a band of singers sung—
We are coming sister Mary,
We are coming bye and bye,
Be ready sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

I tried to call my Mary,
But my tongue would not obey,
When the song so strange had ended,
And the singers flown away,
As I watched, I heard a rustling,
Like the rustling of a wing,
And beside my Mary's pillow
Very soon I heard them sing—
We are coming sister Mary, &c.

Then again I call'd My Mary,
But my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness
Had nor ever ceased to beat,
And I now am very lonely
From summer round to spring,
And I oft in midnight slumber
Think I hear the same ones sing—
We are coming sister Mary, &c.

Phœbe Dearest.

Phœbe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me
May I hope that you'll be mine,
Oh, let no cold frown repel me,
Leave me not in grief to pine,
Tho' 'tis told in homely fashion
Phœbe, trust the tale I tell,
Ne'er was truer, purer passion,
Than within this heart does dwell.

Long I've watched each rare perfection,
Stealing o'er the gentle brow,
Till respect became affection,
Such as that I offer now
If you love me and will have me,
True I'll be in weal and woe,
If in cold disdain you leave me,
For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken heart.
What their fate in life may be.
Phœbe, if we once are parted
Once for ever it will be.
Say then yes, or blindly, madly,
I will rush upon the foe,
And will welcome, oh, how gladly,
Shot or shell that lays me low.

The sunny hours of childhood

The sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
How soon, how soon they pass away,
Like flowers, like flowers in the wild wood
That once bloom'd fresh and gay;

But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart,
Live but a few brief hours,
And then for age depart.

The friends, the friends we saw around us,
In boyhood's happy days,
The fairy, fairy links that bound us,
No feelings now d splays;
For time hath chang'd for ever,
What youth cannot retain,
And we may know oh! never,
These sunny hours again.

Fair shines the Moon To-night.

Fair shines the moon to night,
Out from her cloudless height,
And many a lady bright
To music is list'ning.
Come love and roam with me,
Far o'er the sparkling sea,
Whilst beaming down on thee,
Bright stars are glistening.
Ply the oar lightly,
Steer, boatman rightly,
Where the halls brightly,
Rival the day.

Why should such tones decay,
And fleetly pass away,
Hark to that roundelay,
And music so cheering,
Such lovely melody,
Echoed far o'er the sea,
Night's slumbers cannot be,
To me more endearing.
Our way now retracing,
Homeward rejoicing,
Repose soon embracing,
Hail, dearest home.

The other side of Jordan.

I look'd in the east, I looked in the west,
I saw John Bull a-coming accordingly;
With four blind horses driving through the clouds,
To look at the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

Pull off my old coat, and roll up my sleeves,
Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Thunder in the clouds, lightning in the trees,
And what do you think I told him!
Was good bye, Sam, to the next kingdom come,
Till I meet you on the other side of Jordan.

The Sovereign of seas she came to Liverpool,
In less than fourteen days, accordingly, [prise,
Johnny Bull wiped his eyes and look'd with sur-
At the Yankee ship from the other side of Jordan.

There were snakes in Ireland not many years ago,
Saint Patrick saw the vermin all a-crawling;
He up with his shillelagh and hit 'em on the head,
And he drove 'em on the other side of Jordan.

There was such a dreadful blindy and mutiny down in India.
Sir Colin Campbell's gone there according;
And with our British boys we will tame the blacks of Sepoy's
And will drive them to the other side of Jordan.

There is nothing but stagnation among the British nation.
The banks are all fading to according;
I am very much afraid if we don't get better trade
Will be going to the other side of Jordan.

Jonas lived three days in the belly of a whale,
Three days and two nights, too, according;
He tickled him with a straw which caused him to laugh,
So he chuck'd him on the other side of Jordan.

The ladies of England have sent a big address,
About slavery and horrors too according;
But they'd better look at home to their own white slaves,
That are starving on the English side of Jordan.

Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden,
Eating all the best fruit according;
Adam laid Eve under a gooseberry bush,
A-looking at the other side of Jordan.

Adam and Eve wore out their old clothes,
They had nothing to put on according;
So they tied fig leaves round the middle of their waists,
To cover up the other side of Jordan.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow Annie,
I'm leaving thee in tears;
It may be for a long time, Annie—
Perhaps for many years.
It is more kind to part now, dearest,
Than linger here in pain;
To think of joys that once were brightest,
But never can come again.

I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,
When your locks were bright as gold;
Your smiles were soft, but now, dear Annie,
Our hearts seem growing cold.
It was not time that stole the blossoms,
From off thy cheeks so fair,
But winter come soon upon them,
And chill'd the flow'rets there.

The last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh;
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on thy stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scented and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendship's decay,
And from love's shining circle,
The gems do drop away.
When true hearts be wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who could inhabit
This bleak world alone.

The happy days of Childhood.

I've wandered oft in childhood,
With plymates blithe and and gay,
O'er flow'ry field and meadow,
And gathered sweets of May.
We've sported near the elm tree,
That grew beside our cot,
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forget.

How well I can remember
The sports we us to play.
So dear are they to memory,
It seems but yesterday.
And oft I sport in fancy,
Within the self-same spot—
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

And oft times in my slumber,
Methinks that I am near
Those ever fond belov'd ones,
In childhood's home so dear;
But waking from that slumber,
How changed I find my lot—
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

Then bless the steps of childhood,
And let their sports be gay,
That they at least in memory,
May live to bless the day.
When they were blithe and happy,
In palace or in cot—
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

EVER OF THEE.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer,
Thou wert the star that mildly beaming,
Shone on my path when all was dark and drear,
Still in my heart thy form I cherish,
Ev'ry kind word, like a bird flies to thee.
Ah, never till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me,
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be.
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wandering afar, my soul's joy to dwell—
Ah, then I felt I loved thee only,
All seemed to fade before affliction's spell,
Years have not chill'd the love I cherish—
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee,
Ah, never till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

NOTHING MORE.

In a valley fair I wandered o'er its meadow path ways green,
Where a ripling brook was flowing like the spirit of the scene,
I saw a lovely maiden with a basket brimming o'er,
With sweet buds, and so I asked her for a flower and nothing more.

I chatted on beside her, and I prais'd her hair and and eyes,
And like roses in her basket, on her cheeks saw blushes rise;
With timid looks down glancing, she said "will you pass before?"
But said I, "Now all I want, is just a kiss, and nothing more."

So she shily smiled upon me, and we still kept wand'ring on,
What with smiling, blushing, chatting, soon a brief half-hour was gone;
Then she told me I must leave her, for she saw the cottage door;—
Not I! until I'd rifled just a kiss, and nothing more

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her, and the joys that then have birth,
Made an atmosphere of gladness seem encircling all the earth.
One bright morning at the alter a white bridal dress she wore,
Then my wife I proudly called her, and I ask for nothing more!

The Men of Merry England.

Sung by Mr. Henry Watkins.

Oh! the men of merry, merry England,
Search ye the wide world around,
And take ye the best—
From the East to the West,
Where are there such to be found?
The herald of fame—
Attends on the name,
'Tis a passport to all that is free,
On the sea or the land,
Ever foremost they stand—
Then gaily my burthen shall be,
The men of merry merry England,
The men of merry merry England,
Let the bottle pass—
And toss another glass,
To the men of merry merry England.

To the men of merry merry England,
The bravest of all that are brave,

Down in Piccadilly

Suhg by Mr. Frank Hall.

Music published by Foster & Co., 16, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.

I'm fond of pretty girls,
Whose lovely glances burk us,
Sweetest I e'er met,
Was down in Regent Circus;
Eyes as black as sloes,
They almost knocked me silly,
As I met her round the corner.
Down in Piccadilly.

Too ral loo ral, &c

I scarce knew what to do.
I felt in such a tremor.
So I rised my hat, and said,
" How do you do Miss Emma?
Said she " There's some mistake,
My name happens to be Milly."
Said I, " Never mind your name,
Let's walk down Piccadilly. "

Too ral loo ral,

With a dear bewitching smile.
She said " Oh! certainly I will sir."
As she took my arm I felt
A most delightful thrill, sir,
As in my face she looked,
Said I to myself, " Billy,
You're precious goose is cooked,
As sure as you're in Piccadilly."

Too ral loo ral, &c

At first we were quite coy,
But on our friendship warming,
We talked of loves and doves,
In a manner quite alarming.
Thinks I my time is come,
I'll have her, willy-nilly;
Around her my arms I flung,
Down in Piccadilly.

Too ral loo ral, &c

I was almost mad with joy,
As in my arms I caught her,
When an old chap passed, and said
You're cuddling of my daughter.
Take that! and that! and that!
You scoundrel, I will kill ye!
And rolled me in the gutter,
Down in Piccadilly.

Too ral loo ral. &c

I was up just like a shot,
The crowed began to jeer me.
So I went it right and left,
Into the first chap near me,
A policeman passed, and said.
" Now come along, now, will ye?"
And he lugged me to the station house,
In Vine Street, Piccadilly.

Too ral loo ral, &c

I was kept there all the night,
It seemed to me a week, sir,
At ten o'clock next morning,
I was brought before the beak, sir;
I was dragged into the dock.
All shivering and chilly,
And charged with kicking up a row,
Down in Piccadilly.

Too ral loo ral, &c

The old man told the beak
His daughter he had found her,
Near Piccadilly pump, and that
I'd got my arms around her.
The case was clearly proved,
And in a voice quite trilly,
The beak he bound me down,
To keep the peace in Piccadilly.

Too ral loo ral, &c

I was almost as pleased
As if I'd found a shilling;
So says I, " Ill keep the piece,
That is, if the piece is willing,"
Says he, " What do you mean?"
Says I, " I mean Miss Milly—"
Says she, " Then name the day,"
Says I, " This day week in Piccadilly."

Too ral loo ral, &c

We married were, of course,
And the picture of true loves are,
We ne'er get crabbed or cross,
But like two turtle-doves are.
Our first son people said,
That I should christen " Willy,"
But to celebrate the happy day,
I've called him " Piccadilly."

Too al loo ral, &c